

Views and Reviews in the World of Art



"Indian Girl of Santa Clara, N. M." by Robert Henri. At the Milch Galleries.

(Continued from preceding page.)

color at least he seems to emulate, to see the difference between schoolroom studies and virile attempts to interpret life.

Mahonri Young's Varied Art on View

At first we take great pains making nice, fat, round As and Bs, just like those in the copybooks, but later on we get so interested in spelling that we grow indifferent to the fatness of our As and Bs. CAT, that's wonderful, but BAT, that's grander still, for we play ball with a bat, and it's extraordinary that we should be able to spell BAT. Later on, say after two or three years of tears and fears and scoldings and sugar plums (occasionally we get a word right and a reward), we branch out into great big words and can write out a regular story of the ball game, with all that goes with it—Bill's three bagger, Jack's broken finger and Malcolm's awful miff in the fatal ninth inning. It was a great game, and it's most as exciting to tell you about it as to have played it; but, gee whiz, what funny, queer As and Bs I am making! I was writing too fast to bother about them—but no matter, you can read it easily enough, I think.

Somewhat when I see an artist who is searching about more or less in a haystack for a style I immediately think of penmanship. We all of us write so differently. We don't brag about it, nor care about being different. We, in fact, don't think of it at all, but of the ball game, and the writing takes care of itself.

So I feel like saying to Mr. Mahonri Young to let style go plumb to Kamsehutka. To drop all thought of style. To even say to himself in the humble manner of an early Christian martyr (since self-mortification is good for the soul): "I don't like style, I wouldn't have style if you were to present it to me now on a silver salver. I shall never associate with stylist artists. I have definitely renounced style. I'll play ball instead."

I am getting my metaphors mixed, Mr. Young. I am not too sure the early Christian martyrs played ball. But you will get me, I think. Then after you have played ball some the next step will be to forewear critics and criticism. Never listen to a word of criticism (after this, I mean). Try to give yourself the illusion that you are the only sculptor in the universe, and the only one that ever has been, and associate only with patrons and models.

After about ten or fifteen years of this sort of life, I venture to prophesy, Mr. Young, that you'll wake up some fine morning in San Francisco City. Mr. Young

comes from the most beautiful town in America, bar none) with as grand a style in sculpture as I have in penmanship. I have quite a style as a penman, I assure you. Not that I care a hang about it. And that is, of course, if you continue to be a sculptor.

I don't see why you shouldn't continue to be a sculptor. I think you have just as much talent for sculpture as for drawing or water colors or etching, which I see you also practise. In all of these arts you follow the precepts of the masters. How your masters must have loved you! They love docile pupils. But you have left school now and docility is no longer required. The public doesn't respond to a docile entertainer or instructor. The public will not admit it in these democratic times, but the truth is the public likes to be bossed by its artists. That is the reason they call them masters.

Patriotic Posters Shown in the Ansonia

A war poster exhibit is to begin tomorrow and to continue for one week at the Hotel Ansonia. The exhibit will include nearly all of the war posters made by American artists who since the United States declared war on Germany have been doing their bit. The splendid energy of these artists has been devoted to arousing enthusiasm by appealing to the imagination. They have been lifting the hearts of the people, and the war posters to be exhibited at the Hotel Ansonia will show the great aims of America in the war. The artists have put into their work the idealism that President Wilson has inspired. The exhibition will be open every afternoon and evening from 3 to 10 o'clock, there being no admission fee.

Recently there was an exhibition of these posters in the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy at Buffalo, N. Y., and they created considerable interest.

Charles Dana Gibson, chairman of the committee, has said: "If, comparatively, Germany were as far from our safe desks in New York as her battle line is from the man in London, I feel sure that our posters, which to date have not been really vital or epic, would have approximated the glory that is felt in every French and English poster that one notices. We have been for too long under the necessity of thinking up the horrors of war. All of these things to us are things removed. Of poignant grief over Belgium's rape and admiration for the beauty of the brave stand of France we have lots, but taken all in all these interests and these griefs are academic. They are enkindled by the second hand method of collecting bits of history. We have had to make ourselves as we have seen

yet had, thanks to the god of battles, a great casualty list. That is the horror for which we are waiting, knowing it will soon come. And when it comes it will electrify the country into an energy capable of all the things of which America is capable.

"To supply the enthusiasm, then, we have had to depend on our art's. They are the men of imagination. It is to them that we look for the posters that will whip out of this lethargy the thousands who clutter our streets snug in the safety granted by 3,000 miles of water and a national conscience that respects the legal defenses accorded men who have not lifted a finger to help America.

"I agree with Mr. Wilson, quoted in a recent interview, that too much time and artistic energy have been spent on the merely material side of the war question. Enough has been seen of heaps of food, comparative figures, the rather unlovely aspect of a garbage can (designed with the best of intentions probably), striving to wake up America.

"What the Government and its first advisers seem to have thought was that America, being a nation of practical people, was a practical nation, and appealed to the country on that basis. Nothing could be further removed from the psychology of the people.

"One cannot create enthusiasm for war on the basis of practical appeal. The spirit that will lead a man to put away the things of his accustomed life and go forth to all the hardships and privations of war is not kindled by showing him facts and proving by figures that by so doing he can reduce the future tax rate of France or England or America. To light the fires of patriotism laid ready for the match in every American heart requires an appeal to the heart and not one to the pocket-book. Even the questions of loans cannot be worked to a high degree of success merely by an appeal based on percentages, for Government percentages are not alluring incomes.

"There must be that touch which is universally felt. There must be great things said and they must be said greatly.

"We have yet to create our final war cry, but when it is uttered there is every hope that at the same time, due to the activities of the Committee of Pictorial Publicity, it will be fittingly brought before the country."

Notes and Activities in the World of Art

New York and after New York other cities of the country are to witness—and if testimony from France may be believed, thrilled and interested—by a new phase of art—fresh chapter in the field of painting, pictures of battles in the air. These are the oils of Lieut. Henri Farre, aviator (Observateur Bombardier), who was first of all a portrait painter, went into the aviation service, and since the battle of the Marne has painted vigorously, finding a new perspective in the clouds and remarkable color.

One hundred and thirty canvases are to be shown in this exhibition, which, so far as New York is concerned, are to be seen at the Anderson Galleries, March 10 to March 20 inclusive, under the auspices of the French High Commission. Lieut. Farre made preliminary sketches high aloft for these pictures and devised a system of color notation so that he could transfer the proper values to his canvas as soon as he got to earth.

The Penguin announces an exhibition of contemporary art, of paintings, drawings, etchings, sculpture, &c., at its galleries, opening March 16 and closing April 6. It is expected that upward of 100 artists will be represented, every exhibitor

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